

THE FOUR DOLLAR PIG

By Ras ~~Guesswhom?~~ *Gesum*

Ethiopian College of Culture.

A bedtime story written especially for women who intend to speak in Congress.

Once upon a time, long long before you or I were born, there lived a little Four Dollar Pig.

This little pig was very wise and ambitious. He knew that a certain learned man was searching the world over for just such a little Four Dollar Pig. The little pig knew that his only hope of escaping the learned man would be to become a \$40.00 pig.

This learned man who searcheth for the little Four Dollar Pig belonged to the tribe of Educated Workers, and lo, the men of this tribe were chesty, beyond all description. The women of the tribe of workers were weak and wore steel braces around their waists. These women were swooners, and whenever they would see a mouse they would swoon into some strong man's lap. So weak were these women that they could only work eighteen hours a day. They were modest and believed in much clothing, and to this end they raised their own sheep, and these sheep they would shear, and from this wool make long dresses which when worn would sweep the streets and thus kept the streets in immaculate shape. Yea, these women were of the Workers Tribe. And how this learned man did admire the working ladies. He sang their praises all the days of his life, that is, when he was not too busy hunting for the elusive little pig.

By Mrs. Greenworth

Christian College of Chicago

A bedtime story written especially for women who intend

to speak in Congress.

Once upon a time, long long before you or I were born,

there lived a little boy named Alf.

This little boy was very wise and ambitious. He knew

that a certain learned man was searching the world over for

just such a little boy named Alf. The little boy knew

that his only hope of securing the learned man would be to

become a \$40.00 pig.

This learned man was searching for the little boy named

at his place in the tribe of Sheshae workers, and so, the

man of this tribe was angry, and all day long, the

men of the tribe of workers were weak and were able to

stand their waist. These men were workers, and whenever

they would see a horse they would soon find some strong man's

leg. So weak were these men that they could only work

eighteen hours a day. They were weak and relieved in each

clothing, and so this day they found them very angry, and

these things they would share, and from this would make long

travels which when they would reach the streets and those days

the streets in immediate danger. Yes, these men were of

the workers tribe. And now this learned man is waiting for

something better. He says that he will give all the pigs of his

life, that is, when he was not too busy hunting for the pig.

Alf little pig.

Many years passed and finally the learned man caught a little Four Dollar Pig. This little pig was so high and so wide and there was much rejoicing in the home of the learned man. But, alas try as they might, the little pig who was so high and so wide, would not fit into the oven of the learned man, who departed in great haste to the town's bakery where they had a large oven. In this piping hot oven they shoved the little pig. My, but that little pig was good, and so juicy too. "Ah, me", said the little pig, "but the teeth of the learned are as sharp as those of the unlearned, but I shall be avenged. From out of the mouth of this learned man will come my sad story. Yea, generation after generation will hear of me."

Then came a generation of queer creatures. They toiled not, neither did they spin, and their women wore no more clothing than the South Sea maidens. Instead of smoking the good old pipe, like in the days of old, they smoked little white jiggers which they called cigarettes. This they blew into each other's faces, but they were not of the race of swooners. Swear yea, but, swoon no.

These people were possessed of a queer assortment of maladies, called "weak knees, stuttering tongues, cold spines, and great forgetfulness." They also lacked intestinal fortitude, which the vulgar called "guts".

However, this particular tribe were a happy lot, and they decided to improve their situation. Thus, did they get for their leader a young man from the tribe of the

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learned. This young man was different from the others of his tribe and did much to improve the lot of the unlearned. Verily he was what the vulgar call a "great hit".

And this learned young man did teach the tribe to stand up and speak and whilst they spoke he would write down corrections in his book, which made them very jittery indeed, and their faces would go blank, and their voices trail off into nothingness.

Then the learned young man who had just come from a great institution of learning, decided not to frighten this unlearned tribe into speechlessness, and he smiled brightly and told them that they were doing very nicely. Thus, did he restore their confidence in themselves.

And so much confidence did they get that they openly bragged that they had "a teacher who was a live wire" and the other teachers in the school where academic "dead heads" verily, this tribe were vulgar.

And now, and then again, the learned old man who had long ago eaten the little Four Dollar Pig would come into the class and speak with the learned young man of the new school.

And the young man of the new school would listen politely, whilst the man of the old school would tell him of the good old days when men roared and women whined, and men drank and women wept, and then he would come to that portion of his story about the little pig that was so big and so

wide that wouldn't fit in the oven and that cost \$4.00 and it was such a nice juicy little pig. Thus did he speak of the good old days.

Then he would leave the story of the little \$4.00 pig and giving the ladies a fishy look told them about the ladies of the past. The ladies who rose at 4 o'clock in the morning, made their own bread and their own bustles, who raised babies in large quantities, who respected their lords and masters, who stayed in their own homes and did not aspire to go to congress or some other place.

Verily he was of the old school. And whilst he talked the learned young man perceived that the learned old man was getting nowhere in a hurry. And the young man did bow his head that he might snicker up his sleeve unseen, that he might not anger the aged man who was lord and master of the institution of learning. And the women of the tribe, who were called modern women, became a bit peevish and one said to the other, "Say, kid, what do you suppose happened to the old Prof?" and the other answered "It looks as if some modern woman gave him the salt river glide." and the other woman replied, "No, siree, that's where you're wrong. He is the family meal ticket for the Powerful Female Bridge Players of the learned tribe, and lo! they have kept him so broke, that in all these years he has been unable to corral another Four Dollar Pig."

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1905-1977

